

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Fuck Ya Life"  
(feat. Blacastan)

Try to stop mines from growing  
I'll make your blood stop flowing

[Vinnie Paz:]

I wet the whole entire block then I broke off  
Lift the boat off Russian sickle Nikolai Volkoff  
I ain't never met a motherfucker that was so soft  
I remain fire like folk who ain't turn their stove off  
And I still rhyme cousin with a flawless fervor  
I got money and catch cases like Roethlisberger  
And y'all are Dennis Dixon, that's just something different  
I need another prescription, I got a pen addiction  
I got a Muslim shorty now but the ex was Christian  
She ain't overstand the godliness of my position  
Anybody who ain't family is opposition  
The M9 got a big nose, Scottie Pippen  
Vinnie sipping on the Goose, god hit this marley  
My hands running out of fingers, young Vince Lombardi  
I got a tet offensive similar to Victor Charlie  
I meet a bitch, I don't sweat her, this ain't a Christmas party

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[Jus Allah:]

I make blood money with flecks of blood splatter  
It's drug money, the aspect of it doesn't matter  
All the blood and death is what gives it the X factor  
A lot of blood and sweat goes into the trespassers  
I kill swiftly, I like to take life quickly  
I take a pint of blood and make moonshine whiskey  
I like to keep the 911 lines busy  
I like a fun time in a crime-ridden city

All the blood that we use is worth every bump and bruise  
Once the hunt pursues we ain't on the Onion News  
I don't run from the problems I start usually  
We wet you up, no lifeguard on duty  
Then I'm at the bar or a movie  
Then I'm with a beauty watching hardcore nudity  
Had to ditch the bitch that thinks we're dating exclusively  
The old grey mare she ain't what she used to be

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*[Blacastan:]*

I'm that last line of coke that you see on the mirror  
Take your last sniff, now you think you seeing shit clearer  
I'm the nigga that's behind you waiting to get paid  
I'm that hard-assed dick that's waiting to get laid  
I'm them Pumas that you rock that was made out of suede  
You the nigga came to cop and got caught in the raid  
I'm the venom that lies within the king cobra's core  
That new blood soaking through the enemy's soul  
The spoils of life, the ills of men  
John Wayne Gacy, Charlie Manson, killing again  
I'm released from the penitent, mind state militant  
Bombs underneath the tent, bismillah I repent  
Sent to Earth from a distant galaxy  
I am no contradiction, far from a fallacy  
Freddy in the booth bring nightmares to reality  
World War 3, I'm enlisted by JMT

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